Plymouth Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE. PLYMOUTH, C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1854. VOLUME II. NO. 4.

Select Poetry.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! Through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Finally the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!

There when my bruis'd heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.

Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There in our green bowers
Long ago,
Our path thro' the tangled flowers
Treading slow—

Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We watch'd in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.

Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone.
Summer's gone!

Still on my work-check playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness stayeth
Between the trees.

Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease;

But *who* shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain?
Summer's gone!

Selected Miscellany.

THE 11th COMMANDMENT.

T. S. ARTHUR tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belong to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district: and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cake, chickens, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood pile, a plain looking, coarsely dressed, but quite-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a thread-bare, but neatly patched coat. At length one gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire he asked for some little refreshment ere he sat out for a cold walk to the town beyond.—Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat.—It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D———?"

"I do," said Mr. W. coldly; "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man.—You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The particular form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered put it out of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and hear what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor while the supper table stood, covered with snow white cloth, and displayed his wife's set of blue sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?"—asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night?"

"Indeed, we'll do no such thing? We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. shold not come?"

"No, indeed!"

"But, really I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D———.

"Its too much; he ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here, as he did, till it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and its no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least; and doesn't look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been at Guinea before he came here?" said Mrs. W. fretfully.—The disappointment the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or a reluctant spirit.—You know what the Bible says about entertaining strangers unawares."

"Angels! Did you ever see an angel look like him!"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to call an answering smile from Mrs. W. and a better feeling at her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but little expectency. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warmed short cake and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do not to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to set down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy six years old at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say. "Come Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments, Charley," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then, looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt—

"Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven?" said her husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are?—How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child." "Right. There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandmsnts."

"Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressing the stranger.

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Could any one believe it? such ignorance of the Bible?"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room, where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There!" he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error.—"There! look for yourself."

The man came round from his side of the table, and looked over the stranger's shoulder.

"There! ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten there?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want?—Can't you believe the Bible?"

"O yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was grnted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorence.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive appearance. His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and parting, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house, not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not yet arrived.

Where is Mr. N——?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking on either side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old grey overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You musn't sit here. Come down and I will show you a seat," he said, in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice, "it's very comfortable here." And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W., feeling embarrassed, went down intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice was thrilled to the finger ends of brother W., as in a distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning—

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a b other's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but he stumbled on short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled, and the minister—for no one doubted his real character—addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence.—The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Beother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face looked like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might have been heard. Then, the fine, emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room:

"*And a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*"

Brother W. had bent forward to listen, but now he had sunk back in his seat.—This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the the brother and sister, of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they had treated the Presiding Elder of the district after such a fashion was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W?" he at length heard asked; it was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand, said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you; and where is sister W?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could make reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late. You were expected last night. And where is brother R?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened that I was very much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

The explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the Presiding Elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of joke, and given to relating good stories.

A Distressing Occurrence—Probable Murder.

We were informed last evening by Mr. Henry Fosdick, Jr., of Dayton, of the following particulars of a distressing occurrence which took place a few miles from Osborne on the railroad between Dayton and Springfield, on Thursday evening last. It appears that about three years since a farmer named Wm. Ricketts left his family to seek his fortune in the gold mine of California. About seven months since Mrs. R. received information from a person representing himself as coming direct from San Francisco that her husband had died of chronic diarrhea. The wife believed the story and manifested distress of mind upon the receipt of the intelligence. Her informant, whose name is W. T. Gaylord, manifested much sympathy for Mrs. R. in her bereavement, and frequently visited her house to console with her in her affliction. The unsuspecting wife, appreciating the kindness of Gaylord, tendered him the hospitalities of her house and home. Gaylord, with an apparent indifference, declined the offer, but finally proposed to accept the same on condition of marriage. The astonished Mrs. R. at first declined, but afterwards agreed to let the matter stand open until Gaylord should call again. In the interim, Gaylord abstracted from the post office all letters directed to Mrs. Ricketts; and one from her husband he opened, perused and then destroyed it. The letter stated that he did not intend to return home for three years, but was very anxious to see his wife. Gaylord again called upon Mrs. Ricketts, and insisted upon an answer to his proposition. Mrs. R. after a moments' reflection, consented to the union, and the time for their marriage was set. The day came and they were married, and by their marriage Mr. Gaylord came into possession of a farm valued at several thousand dollars. Soon after marriage, Mr. Gaylord proposed to his wife to sell out and move to Kansas, and there locate for life.

The wife consented, and the farm was advertised for sale at sacrifice. The advertisement appeared in Dayton and Cincinnati papers, and much was said in regard to the sale of the "Rickett's estate." The advertisement, as it appeared in one of our Dollar Weeklies, was seen by Mr. Ricketts in San Francisco. Enraged and chagrinned, Mr. R. took the first steamer and arrived in Osborne on Wednesday evening last. Mr. R. made dilligent inquiries, and learned the facts as above stated. Arming himself with a knife and a brace of pistols, he went to the house about ten o'clock at night. All was quiet. Rickets rapped at the door several rimes. Is was finally opened by Mrs. Gaylord, and Ricketts entered. Mrs. G. threw on her dress, and lighting the candle, turned to look upon the stranger who had come at such an unseasonable hour of the night. A shriek, and the expression of "Great God! Ricketts; is that you!" followed, and the astonished and affrighted wife fell insensible to the floor. Gaylord, who was in bed in an a joining room, rushed out to see what had happened.—Ricketts immediately seized him by the throat and plunged the knife into his side, and then went to where his unfortunate wife was lying, cut her on the shoulder and neck, then left the premises, and had not since been heard from. The wife, recovering, informed the neighbors of what had transpired, and immediate search was made for Ricketts. Gaylord was lying very low when Mr. Fosdick last heard from him, and the probability is that he must die. Ricketts has undoubtedly made a successful escape.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Doesticks.

Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. (perfect brick?) is the latest humorous writer of the day and his crude and unpolished letters to a Detroit paper are going the rounds. They sparkle with wit and are brim full of fun. Philander has been "running wid de masheen," and tells some funny things about fire. There is a bit of satire in the following:

"Old gentleman from the country; much excited; wanted to help, but did'nt exactly know how; he rushed into a fourth story bedroom; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing-table after it; shized a coal-scuttle; hurriedly put in the poker, boot-jack and a pair of worn-out slippers, carried them down stairs, and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away; came back on a run into the parlor; took up the door-mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the barn of the nearest neighbor; he kept at work; by dint of heroic exertions, he at various times deposited, by piece, the entire kitchen cooking-stove in the next street, uninjured; and at last, after knocking the piano to pieces with the axe, in order to save the lock, and filling his pockete with the sofa castors, he was seen to make his final exit from the back yard, with a length of stove-pipe in each hand, the toasting fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large sized frying pan."

Doesticks gives an amusing account of his own adventures:

"During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless, undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to their mother, she, amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other had the Michigan itch. Fire in a boarding school—dashed up a ladder, tumbled through a window; entered a bedroom; smoke so thick I couldn't see; caught up in my arms a feminine specimen in a long night-gown; got back to the window, tried to go down; ladder broke under me; stuck adhesively to the young lady; and after unexampled exertions, deposited her safely in the next house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element, the only child of the *black cook*. Fire in a store-house—went on the roof; explosion; found myself in somebody's cellar with one leg in a soap barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my demolished pantaloons. Fire in a liquor store—hose burst; brandy "lying round loose;" gin "convaynient," and old Monongahela absolutely begging to be protected from further dilution; Croton water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shatter.

His last is descriptive of the wonderful virtues of a patent medicine which he has invented:

Emulous of the deathly notoriety which has been acquired by the medicinal worthies just mentioned, I also resolved to achieve a name and fortune in the same reputable and honest manner. Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of "Doesticks' Patent, Self-Acting, Four-Horse Power Balsam," designed to cure all diseases of mind, body or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the bare-foot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the know-nothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychycologically and geologically, and is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side-show.

Here is a letter from an Oregon farmer, certifying to some of the virtues of the wonderful *Balsam:*

Dear Sir—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman couldn't get his living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared—a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into ovenwood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. Put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and potatoes, and had a row of peach trees in full bloom through the middle.—As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would state that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter—drew my youngest boy out of the mill-pond—drew a load of potatoes four miles to market and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the State lottery.

Other "certificates" of extensive significence are introduced; but, as best indicative of its truly practical virtues, we must quote from Doesticks' own experience. He says:

I caused some to be applied to the Washtenaw Bank after its failure, and while the Balsam lasted, the Bank redeemed its specie. The cork of one of the bottles dropped upon the head of a childless widow, and in six weeks she had a young and blooming husband. Administered some to a hack driver in a glass of gin and sugar, and that day he swindled but seven people, and only gave two of them bad money in change. Gave a few drops gratis to a poor woman who was earning a precarious subsistence by making calico shirts with a one eyed needle, and the next day she was discovered to be heir to a large fortune. The Know Nothing candidate for Mayor of the city sent for a bottle, and it has entirely cured him of a violent verbal diarrhoea. Gave some to an up-town actor, and that night he said 'damned' only twenty-one times. One of the daily papers got the next dose, and in the next edition but one there were but four editorial falsehoods, seven indecent advertisements, and two columns and a half of home-made "Foreign Correspondence."

[There is some talk of having a "baby show" in California, upon which Mr Spoons, O. G., writes as follows for the San Francisco *Sun*:]

OUR BABY.

At our house, at home, we've a sweet little baby,
As fat as a coon in the fall:
And for mischief, fun, music, or whatever it may be,
Of brats, he's the general of all!
With cheeks like two roses,
The prettiest of noses,
By every fond tie;
In fair and foul weather,
He serves as a tether,
To bind us together—
My Betsey and I.

From morning full blossomed, till night draws her curtain,
His means for employment ne'er fail;
And though hushed be his gabble, of music we'er certain,
When he drags the old cat by the tail.
Now calling, and bawling,
And falling and sprawling,
And mauling, and spauling,
At work and at play:
In the dish-water paddling,
Or Jowler pack-saddling,
Or about fiddle-faddling,
He passes the day.

Tho' his third year is ended this present September,
He's equal to any at five;
At two, he could "put out" as well, I remember,
At the best "shoulder striker" alive;
In consideration
Of his qualification,
I'm in contemplation
Of placing him where
All the Mrs. Duncans,
And all Mrs. Flunkins
Will say he's "some pumpkins"—
And that is—"THE FAIR."

There's naught can escape his minutest inspection.
Displayed on the toy seller's boards:
And he helps himself, too, without fear of detection,
To the nicest the pantry affords,—
He's just in condition
To meet competition
At the grand exhibition,
The rogue, with *two eyes!*—
There's one thing depend on't;
To make a quick end on't,
If he can lay hand on't—
He sure takes the prize.

SPOONS, O. G.

☞ A lawyer of Poughkeepsie was applied to during his lifetime, by an indigent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law in which the interest of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice and charged the poor fellow three dollars for it.

"There is the money," said the client "it is all I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork."

"Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor never will," the countryman rejoined, "so long as she has such a great hog as you."

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of his repartee that he forgave the poor fellow and returned the money.

We believe all but the last part.

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," says the speaker, "I was with the American army. One day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attenteon to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before any court of justice that it was a log and nothing else. You see I had never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it if I had."

"Well," he continued, "between me and the log, (as I took it to be) was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of.—what do you suppose.?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What could it have been?" said a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

The Great Plague.

In Dicken's Child's History of England, volume two, we find the following, respecting the Great Plague that prevailed in the seventeenth century in the city of London:

"For this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of 1664, it had been whispered about that some people had died here and there of disease called the Plague in some of the unwholesome suburbs of London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumors and some people disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1665, being to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out in St. Giles, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads of London were choked up by people endeavoring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which people were, and to cut them off from the living. Every one of those houses were marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words 'Lord have mercy on us!' The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and those were the wheels of the death carts, attended by men with veiled faces, and holding clothes to their mouth, who rang doleful bells, and cried in a loud and solemn voice—'Bring out your dead.' The corpses put into these carts were buried by torch light in great pits, no service being performed over them all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the bank of the ghastly graves. In the general fever, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children.

Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses who robbed them of all their money and stole the very bed on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from their windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy, threw themselves into the river.

Those were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild dasperation, sat in taverns, singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they sat, and went out and died. The fearful and supernatural sights—burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying that he was a prophet commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another also went to and fro, exclaiming:—'Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!' A third awoke the echoes of the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice—'Oh the great and the dreadful God!'

Through the months of July, August, and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in hope of stopping the infection; but there was a Plague of rain, too, and that beat the fires out. At last the winds that usually rise at that time called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow and purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pale, frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London, it had killed one hundred thousand people."

HORRIBLE CASES OF INFANTICIDE—AN INFANT EATEN UP BY HOGS.—On Saturday last, an anonymous note was received at the Mayor's office, giving information that a woman living in Nicetown, near the old race course, in the twenty-first ward, had murdered her newly born infant. Officers, Reed and Clark were immediately put upon the track of the murderess, and after dilligent search during Saturday night and part of Sunday, a woman, whose real name is Parmelia Myers, but who gave the name of Snyder, was arrested at the house of her uncle, Thomas Snyder, on Nicetown lane, east of the old race course. She was taken in charge and conveyed to the Mayor's Office. The woman was quite ill when brought in, it only being about five days since the birth of her last child. When confronted by the Mayor, she at once commenced a confession of her horrible misdeeds. She stated that she had been the mother of six children, all of which had been made away with by herself except one, which had died and was buried by her uncle, its father. The others had been strangled by her and thrown into the cesspool. She was about making a full confession of her crimes when the Mayor informed her that she had better wait and see her counsel. She was then conveyed to the county prison, and a hearing of her case fixed for yesterday afternoon, but owing to her illness, it was postponed until to-day. Her uncle, Thomas Snyder, has also been arrested and committed to await an investigation. The accused is unmarried and about twenty-three years of age, and is quite good-looking and genteel in her appearance, with but little about her to indicate that she would be guilty of such an enormous outrage as she stands charged with.—*Philadelphia Ledger, 7th.*

The *Pennsylvanian* says that the last infant was born on Tuesday the 19th of October, and that she immediately threw it into the hog pen where it was eaten up! The infants were all illegitimate.

☞ They use war-hoops for securing whiskey barrels out West.